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ace_cub_reportr



• November 2012

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ace cub reportr

09 November 2009 @ 11:01 pm

It was twenty years ago today, Sergeant Pepper taught the band to play. Nov. 9, 1989.

"Visas will be granted immediately by police stations all over the country."

Twenty years ago today I was a rookie field agent drinking schnapps in a bar in Cleveland with a woman in her late seventies who was telling stories in a German accent about what really happened when the Russians rolled into Berlin. She had gray hair stylishly cut, and was full of schnapps and also coyly-worded hints about secret marriages and clandestine escapes to South America*.

In return, I told her about meeting <u>Gyula Horn</u> in Budapest in 1977**, some time after he went to work for the Hungarian foreign affairs department (and *long* after he spent a couple of long weekends crushing anti-Soviet revolution) but long before he posed with Alois Mock and a couple pairs of pruning shears along the fences at the Austro-Hungarian border.

Heady times.

I work with people who were in grade school when that happened. Ten years from now, wherever I am, I'll probably work with people who weren't *born*. Unless I'm--horrors!--retired by then.

*I'm pretty sure she wasn't *actually* Eva Braun. But she did have big, beautiful light-brown eyes and the remnants of a redhead complexion. And they were *awfully* good stories.***

**It was in the line of duty. For both of us.

She said the dress was blue. If you were still wondering.*

****My stories, of course, were all completely true.

Current Location: it's not the years it's the mileage

Current Mood: pnostalgic

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<u>Q txanne</u> on November 10th, 2009 04:15 am (UTC)

I was so busy trying not to flunk German that I wasn't paying any attention to Germany. Fortunately my classmates were more alert, so I didn't miss it entirely. We were all convinced that a bloodbath was imminent...I've never been happier to be wrong.

(Reply) (Thread) (Link)

<u>ace_cub_reportr</u> on November 10th, 2009 12:20 pm (UTC)

Sometimes we get it right. Not often. But once in a while we can behave like well-socialized kindergarteners.

(Reply) (Parent) (Thread) (Link)

bunny m on November 10th, 2009 01:57 pm (UTC)

Yeah, it's rare to be able to watch an event and say "This is History happening in front of me."

Sadly, most of the times you can are tragedies, too.

It's good to be reminded that History happening has it's joyful moments too.

(Reply) (Parent) (Thread) (Link)

<u>supertailz</u> on November 10th, 2009 05:15 am (UTC)

Today is my birthday. I remember my mother explaining to me how the germans tore down the Berlin wall for me, sitting around our telly sets in London on my birthday.

...I'm kind of glad I got to see it before, but even more glad they tore it down for my birthday:)

 $(\underline{\mathsf{Reply}})\ (\underline{\mathsf{Thread}})\ (\underline{\mathsf{Link}})$



<u>Qace_cub_reportr</u> on November 10th, 2009 12:21 pm (UTC)

Want some schnapps?

(Reply) (Parent) (Thread) (Link)



I'm normally a Guinness for breakfast and whiskey at all other times girl, but for my birthday and the Berlin wall, schnapps seems like a good breakfast. German or American? (And can I put it in my morning tea?)

(Reply) (Parent) (Thread) (Link)

<u>Qzwol</u> on November 10th, 2009 05:22 am (UTC)
Twenty years ago I was, um, eleven, and my parents got a phone call from my uncle. At the time he worked for the Federal Reserve, out of their office in Switzerland - well, by happenstance he was in Berlin for some sort of meeting. Rumor had it, he said, that the wall was coming down. He was going to go see if it was true.

A few weeks later we got a package from him, containing a chunk of concrete with red spray paint on one corner. I don't remember what the letter said, but there it was, our little piece of the wall. My parents kept it on the mantel until the 1994 Northridge earthquake, which knocked our chimney down. We found it again amid the rubble, but after that they decided to put it away somewhere safer. I'm sure it's still in the house somewhere.

I have vague memories of the news reports and so on, but it's that phone call from my uncle that sticks with me.

(Reply) (Thread) (Link)

ace cub reportr on November 10th, 2009 12:22 pm (UTC)

I had been in Berlin a few years earlier, and always felt my timing was a bit off on that one.

(Reply) (Parent) (Thread) (Link)

Q saoba on November 10th, 2009 05:43 am (UTC)

I was a military brat in the 60s and 70s. The Cold War was part of the landscape, the bomber units running touch and go exercises are an indelible part of my childhood soundtrack.

I remember what a huge deal it was when that family escaped to the West by a home-made hot air balloon.

I was 34 when the wall came down and I cried like a baby when I watched the news that night.

(Reply) (Thread) (Link)

<u>ace cub reportr</u> on November 10th, 2009 12:23 pm (UTC)

That balloon story made Reader's Digest, as I recall. And this was long enough ago that making Reader's Digest was a big deal.

...sort of like being Slashdotted.

(Reply) (Parent) (Thread) (Link)

<u>bunny m</u> on November 10th, 2009 07:04 am (UTC) I was 17 and in my final year of High School in '89.

It was a strange and heady feel to be stepping out into the adult world just as everything was changing globally.

I talk to a lot of my younger friends today, and they just can't understand the whole Cold War thing, which is probably a good thing.

But still...

(Reply) (Thread) (Link)

<u>Qace_cub_reportr</u> on November 10th, 2009 12:24 pm (UTC)

I wonder what it's like to grow up not waiting to be vaporized.

(Reply) (Parent) (Thread) (Link)



<u>bunny m</u> on November 10th, 2009 12:51 pm (UTC)

Dunno, must be awfully strange though.

Kids these days... *brandishes walking stick*

(Reply) (Parent) (Thread) (Link)



<u>**Dunny m</u>** on November 10th, 2009 01:55 pm (UTC)</u>

I think the thing that has really changed is the way people can travel now. The Iron Curtain/Eastern Bloc/Warsaw Pact (remember them, folks?) were strange and unknowable territory, 'cause you pretty much couldn't get there, and people from there almost never got out.

These days things aren't that clearly defined.

(Reply) (Parent) (Thread) (Link)



<u>Qace cub reportr</u> on November 10th, 2009 02:09 pm (UTC)

Yes. It's hard to explain that half the world, more or less, was about as inaccessible as Cuba. Except Florida wasn't full of Russian emigrees, and family members who did leave couldn't go home for New Year's.

(I work with a Cubano Fed. I bet that would make for interesting paperwork if he wanted to visit the family.)

(Reply) (Parent) (Thread) (Link)



<u>**Dunny m</u>** on November 10th, 2009 02:38 pm (UTC)</u>

Speaking as an Aussie, I keep forgetting that the US and Cuba still seem to be keeping a little part of the Cold War alive.

But then, from my limited and distant understanding, the troubles between those two go back quite a bit further than the Cold War.

(Reply) (Parent) (Thread) (Link)

(Deleted comment)



<u>Q bunny m</u> on November 11th, 2009 04:24 am (UTC)

Uh, unless you're referring to the way the US long thought God wanted Cuba to be another US state.

That'd be it. I do believe the Cubans were not quite as enamoured of the idea, though.;)

(Reply) (Parent) (Thread) (Link)

<u>otrollcatz</u> on November 10th, 2009 12:25 pm (UTC)

Hey! You can't have been in high school. I was in high school and I didn't see you there!



bunny m on November 10th, 2009 12:51 pm (UTC)

I'm secretly a ninja, it's why you didn't see me.;)

(Reply) (Parent) (Thread) (Link)

edschweppe on November 10th, 2009 01:12 pm (UTC)
I'd only gotten out of the Navy a few months earlier. The year before, I'd been "conducting independent submarine operations" in "international waters", which I can neither confirm nor deny included hiding in a Soviet ballistic missile submarine's baffles waiting for it to go to launch depth. Heck, I used to take pictures of Soviet "fishing trawlers" from my barracks window.

And there I was, watching CNN televise Berliners (West and East) partying on the Wall. Heady times indeed.

(Reply) (Thread) (Link)

clarentine on November 10th, 2009 03:39 pm (UTC)

I was in the US Air Force, in military intelligence, and wanted very much to go, and see...but we were forbidden. Alas.

(Reply) (Thread) (Link)

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